

# Horace Greeley



**Address**  
**On the Centenary Observance**  
**of Horace Greeley**  
**at**  
**Amherst, New Hampshire**  
**february 3, 1911**

**By Albert E. Pillsbury**



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ADDRESS ON THE CENTENARY OBSERVANCE OF HORACE GREELEY  
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BY ALBERT E. PILLSBURY

THE journalists are now the true kings and clergy. Henceforth historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon dynasties, and Tudors, and Hapsburgs, but of Broad-sheet dynasties, and quite new successive names, according as this or the other able editor, or combination of able editors, gains the world's ear."

Thus spake Thomas Carlyle in 1831. In the same year, perhaps at the same moment, there found his way into the city of New York a raw country lad from New Hampshire, who had it in charge of fate to make the American kings and clergy bend before the first "broad-sheet dynasty" known to the new world. The people of his native town and blood, the tillers of the soil that produced him, are gathered here in his memory. The eager interest which the world takes in every point and circumstance of the life of a noted personage extends to the place of his birth, and this accident has made many a place otherwise insignificant a place of pilgrimage. Today this modest New Hampshire town claims and holds a wide attention as the spot where a famous and historic character first saw the light of day one hundred years ago.

The story of Horace Greeley is the familiar fireside tale of a boy who worked his way from sordid poverty to honorable fame and a place in history, by the power within him.

Greeley is unique even among what are called self-made men. He made the ascent in spite of personal faults and weaknesses that would have stopped the way and ruined the prospects of any but a man of compelling genius. The people always made merry of his foibles, but he secured and held for a generation a commanding influence over public opinion and the councils of the nation. The man who did this calls for attention.

We must take a look at the Amherst boy, the ten years of Horace that belong to this town. It will interest this audience to observe that Amherst may take credit for developing, even in ten years, most of the traits that afterward made him famous. When he had become a celebrity the usual crop of boyhood tales began to appear, many of them absurdly exaggerated, as he declared, but there are some that rest on his own authority. There is no doubt that as a boy he was a prodigy. A frail, odd, tow-headed child, nervous and sensitive, timid of manner and squeaky of voice, he seemed to have eyes more for print than for anything else. He learned to read, nobody ever knew how, before he could speak plainly, and never left off reading. It is said that he could read any book or paper upside down, and there are indications that after he grew to man's estate he may have read some things by this process of inversion. If reading came to Horace by nature, as Dogberry said, writing came not at all. The crow's tracks that followed his pen were all his life a national laughter. A typesetter in the Tribune office once said that if Belshazzar had

seen that hand-writing on the wall it would have killed him on the spot. Horace had to educate himself, and he did it, on the whole, so much better than schools or colleges did it then, or do it now, as to inspire him with a lifelong contempt for colleges and college graduates—the most ignorant of all horned cattle, as he called them. He used to walk down the road to meet the weekly Farmer's Cabinet, and absorb the whole contents of the paper on the way home. He scoured the neighborhood for books, and read by the light of the fire, as Abraham Lincoln did, everything in print that he could lay hands on.

Unlike Lincoln, he did not mingle much in the sports and games of the other boys. He sometimes went fishing, but he never would use a gun, and it is said that he stopped his ears at the sound of a gun. He seems to have had a woman's horror of bloodshed and slaughter, that followed him through life and probably affected his public conduct on one or two notable occasions. He was easily first at school, and cried if by any mischance he lost the place at the head of the class. A biographer says that he had read the Bible through, and beaten the town in spelling-school, in his fifth year. His reputation extended beyond the town limits. The Bedford school committee voted that no pupil from any neighboring town should be admitted to their schools "except Horace Greeley." He was a good-natured boy, a favorite in school and among the neighbors. He tried to smoke at five years of age, and never tried again, never touched liquor after his thirteenth year, though liquor was

then so common that he describes in his "Recollections" the tables set with rum and brandy in front of hospitable doors at the ordination of President Lord in this village, and if swearing is, as somebody has called it, only the unnecessary use of profane language, Horace Greeley, boy and man, can probably be acquitted of all personal vices.

They picture Horace as wearing in summer the remnant of a palm-leaf hat, a tow shirt never buttoned at the neck, and tow trousers with legs of diverse lengths, and in winter the same with jacket and shoes. Like all farmer's boys of those days, he had to take his share of work and some rough work. He rode the horse to plow, and was thrown off, helped his father for a while in a saw-mill, picked stones a good deal, which he did not like, and picked hops in the season, which was more like play, for it brought the young people together in a sort of neighborhood frolic as some of the oldest here may remember.

In the winter of 1821, before Horace was ten yearsold, he had to take leave of this place of his birth. Debt and misfortune drove the Greeley family from Amherst to Vermont and thence to a Pennsylvania wilderness. Horace's young ambition had already devoted him to the "art preservative of all arts," and he was resolved to be a printer. After many rebuffs, in the spring of 1826 the tall, pale, awkward boy, as he described himself, was found at the case in the printing office of the Northern Spectator, at East Poultney, Vermont. In his nineteenth year he had mastered the trade, was first in the village debating society, and the local



cyclopedia of everything political. But the Spectator failed, and he lost his place. He had no money, no prospects, no influential friends, and after looking here and there for work and finding none, the forlorn and friendless lad started afoot, with stick and bundle, on the journey that ended after many stormy years at the threshold of the White House which he was not to enter. He drifted about, seeking and finding here or there a job at the case, and finally, on the seventeenth day of August, 1831, the young tramp-printer brought up in New York city, his bundle on his back and ten dollars in his pocket, dreaming, perhaps, but knowing as little as the world knew of what was before him.

We must pass by the struggles and ventures of his early years in the city, the Morning Post, his first bantling of three weeks, the New Yorker, successful everywhere but in the till, the Jeffersonian, the Log Cabin, of the famous Tippecanoe campaign of 1840. They made reputation for him, the Log Cabin a national reputation, but no money. The next trial proved to be the master-stroke. On the tenth day of April, 1841, Horace Greeley issued the first number of the New York Tribune,. From this time he was making history. The Tribune was to become an American institution, and to wield a more direct and powerful influence upon the recasting of the American nation than any other product of the newspaper press.

We cannot speak of Greeley without speaking of the Tribune. They were one and inseparable. The paper began as a Whig journal, devoted to Clay and a tariff for pro-

tection, and with the strong leaning which Greeley always had toward all social and political reforms—too strong a leaning, perhaps, though while his mind was open to all the “isms” he really embraced few or none of them. He was anti-slavery, though not an avowed abolitionist, from the day when he witnessed the rescue of a fugitive slave in Vermont. The infamies of the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, and the fugitive-slave law of 1850, stirred Greeley’s soul to its depths and put him into the forefront of the political Free Soil and anti-slavery movement. Thenceforth the slave-power had no bolder or more resolute antagonist, nor any whose blow was more direct or deadly. He openly encouraged resistance to the fugitive-slave law, heaped contempt upon the Dred Scott deliverance of the Supreme Court, which he justly declared to be “of no more authority than the opinion of the loafers in a Washington bar-room,” rallied the country to the defence of bleeding Kansas, and led the way in bringing all the anti-slavery forces together in the Republican party. The historic character and influence of the Tribune grew out of the slavery question more than any other. It began to be a public force at the time when slavery was pushing all other questions aside, and its power grew as the heat of the conflict waxed fiercer. The slave oligarchy felt Greeley’s steel in their vitals, and it was not long before they paid the Tribune the high compliment, which it shared with Garrison’s *Liberator*, of an attempt to exclude it from the mails in the slave states.

From the late forties the Tribune was the leading newspaper of the country. In a letter written thirty-nine years ago today, February third, 1872, Greeley said that in ordinary times the circulation of the daily had been 40,000 and of the weekly 120,000 copies. Figures never measured the influence of the Tribune, which extended far beyond its own readers. In Greeley's time a leading newspaper was a social and political power, addressed to thinking people and read for its opinions not less than for the news. It usually represented a real character, and often a great character. It had a constituency, built up by the public confidence in the man behind it. Of all these Greeley was first in the eye of the people, and the Tribune spoke with his voice. Founded in protest against the rowdy journalism of the Jefferson Brick type, so justly stigmatized by Charles Dickens, it was clean, independent, honest and fearless. Greeley talked to the people in their own tongue and, as it were, face to face. A habit of signing his articles with his name or initials gave them a direct personal element, and many an honest countryman who never saw Horace Greeley felt that he had talked with him and knew him. On occasions he could smite with a rough and heavy hand, whose blow was terrible and sometimes fatal. Greeley was neither nice nor polite in his choice of words. Naturally the most peaceable and kindly of men, he was hot of temper and a master of vituperation. The much-quoted "You lie, you villain," was not an every-day affair, but he answered the fool according to his folly, and never stuck at epithets

if he thought they were deserved. The clearness and vigor of his style, the open sincerity of his opinions, and the universal confidence in his integrity, gave him a hold on the popular mind unparalleled in journalism.

The Tribune found its way into every nook and corner of the northern states, and followed the tide of emigration to the West. With the farmers, who regarded Greeley as one of themselves, it was especially strong. Every other newspaper quoted it, and somebody said that no country editor put pen to paper until the Tribune had told him what Greeley thought. It was not only the most widely read but the most universally talked about. Toiling and thinking multitudes absorbed it, believed it, and voted by it. Fletcher of Saltoun said that he who can make the ballads of a nation need not care who makes its laws. The real leader and ruler, in whose hands all lesser men are puppets, is the man who shapes the course of public thought. Such was Horace Greeley. In the critical period when the forces of public opinion were aligning themselves for the final struggle with the slave-power, a moral issue was uppermost, and the appeal was to the moral sense. Greeley reached and stirred the public conscience. It must be reckoned his greatest service to the country that he gave the Tribune a place with the Liberator, Uncle Tom's Cabin, the Biglow Papers, and the stirring lyrics of Whittier, as one of the great moral forces that settled the public resolve against slavery and steeled the nation for war.

The Tribune made Greeley the best-known man in

America. Never holding public office but to serve out three months of an unexpired term in Congress at the end of 1848—in which fragment of time he broke up the abuses of the mileage system and brought in the national policy of the homestead laws—he was the most public character in the country. The oddities of his appearance and manner, the patriarchal head and face, the old hat and old white coat, the cravat awry, the shapeless trousers, the shambling gait, celebrated and exaggerated in print and caricature, made him one of the sights of New York, and would have been recognized at any cross-roads in the United States. As the Tribune was more talked about than any other paper, so Greeley himself was more talked about than any other man. His name was familiar to every tongue, and his character to every man who could read. Any bright schoolboy could have told what “H. G.” stood for, and any intelligent citizen could have told what Horace Greeley stood for.

It was not the Tribune alone that did this. Greeley's activities were many and amazing. Politics and journalism never monopolized the energy of this phenomenal mind. He was always at work for the social and industrial welfare and progress of the people. Whittier called him “our later Franklin.” There is poetic license in this comparison, but it may be doubted whether there has been since Franklin's any more widely useful life. With the Tribune on his shoulders, he contributed to other newspapers and magazines, delivered addresses on all sorts of occasions, lectured before country lyceums as the fashion then was, spoke

from the stump in political campaigns, produced volumes of travel, social reform, agriculture, political economy, and one work of permanent historical value. The American Conflict would have made an enduring reputation for him if he had written nothing else. His part in politics was not merely the part of a writer and speaker. For many years the noted triumvirate of Seward, Weed and Greeley had a direct and powerful hand upon the political machinery of New York and of the nation. With unbounded faith in the future of the country, and eager for its developement, he was one of the first to urge a Pacific railway when such a project was laughed at, and Greeley's persistent "Go west, young man" became the rallying cry of a national movement that peopled new states.

All his industry and success never made him rich. He had no love for money, and he was never a business man. Swindlers could overreach him and imposters get money from him, though the constant appeal to his easy benevolence was sometimes too much for his temper. A solemn-looking character hung about his desk one day until the hurried editor demanded his errand. "I want you to give me a contribution" said the stranger, "to save thousands of our fellow-creatures from going to hell." "I won't give you a blanked cent," was the reply. "Not half enough of them go there now." Greeley was a Universalist.

We are here to remember Horace Greeley, not to praise him. His character presents a strange combination of strength and weakness. He was wise as a sage and simple

as a child, fixed in conviction and erratic of judgment, full of benevolence to every living creature, and almost as full of prejudices, a lover of man and a hater of men. The pugnacity of his honest nature struck out fiercely at every rogue, hypocrite and humbug, and at some just men and causes. Where there are blows to give there are blows to take. It is no wonder that this dynamic man of peace was more abused, admired, villified, hated, trusted and followed, than any other man of his time.

With the approach of the rebellion, Greeley became a greater figure than before. His place in journalism had long been first. He was about to take a larger place in the history of the country. In his erratic course through this period there are some episodes that cannot be recalled with satisfaction. His impulsive temperament betrayed him into conduct which has left shadows upon his reputation, but there is no stain upon it. His integrity of character and purity of motive were never questioned.

In the historic contest of 1858 between Douglas and Lincoln, Greeley's mistaken sympathy with a Democrat in revolt against a Democratic administration, and his views of party policy, led him to advocate the reelection of Douglas. Naturally and justly resented by the Republicans of the West, this was more than atoned for two years later. In the Republican convention of 1860, at Chicago, Greeley cast all his strength against Seward, the leading candidate, and cleared the way for the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. This act was charged to personal resentment against

Seward, and not without some reason, but Greeley was more than justified by the results. In the light of subsequent events, the man whose influence was decisive in making Seward give place to Lincoln as the leader of the nation through the throes of civil war appears a chosen instrument in the hand of Providence.

In the perilous years of President Lincoln's administration, the wisdom of his attitude in refusing to move faster than the people moved made every leader of public opinion an important character. Of the leaders of public opinion the man who wielded the power of the Tribune was second only to Lincoln himself, and his mistakes could not escape notice and criticism. There was no purer patriot, no more loyal friend of freedom and of the Union, than Horace Greeley, but he was subject to the limitations of his nature. When the revolt of the slave states was threatened Greeley scouted it, declaring that the South could no more unite on such a scheme than a parcel of lunatics could conspire to break out of Bedlam. When secession actually began, he at first advised that the rebellious states be allowed to go in peace. So potent was his influence that President Lincoln was moved to interpose against the further expression of such views. There was no more of this after the attack on Sumter. When rebellion had fairly unmasked its front of war, the Tribune raised the cry of "On to Richmond," and the popular clamor drove our raw levies into the disaster of Bull Run. Despite his just disclaimer of personal responsibility, the public fury at the defeat was turned upon



Greeley, always a sensitive man in spite of his fighting traits, and drove him into a fever that threatened his life, in which he addressed to the president a despairing letter that made Lincoln, as his biographers say, "sigh at the strange weakness of human nature."

Greeley's impatient temper could not await the cautious and sure-footed steps of the great president toward the freeing and arming of the slaves. The "Prayer of Twenty Millions," published in the Tribune, of August 19, 1862, protesting against the slow enforcement of the Confiscation Acts upon the slaves of rebels in arms, drew from the president a public reply, personally addressed to Greeley, which stands out as one of the most striking examples alike of Lincoln's political sagacity and his wonderful power of clear and direct statement. In this letter is the much-quoted, misunderstood and perverted declaration, "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it." It is a singular proof of human fatuity that people who read our history, and some who write it, even in the light of what followed still profess to believe that Lincoln would have allowed slavery to be preserved, and quote this letter for the proof. He declared that his purpose was to save the Union, and every student of Lincoln's life knows that there never was a time after 1854 when his unerring and prophetic vision did not see that the Union could not be saved with slavery. When he had become president, with the issues of war in his hands, there were occasions when the duty of preserving a united North compelled him to

temporize, and to be all things to all men. It is plain that he seized the occasion of Greeley's protest to make this public declaration only because it would help to disarm the hostility of Northern conservatives to the policy of emancipation on which he was already resolved. He could not yet publicly declare that he was resolved upon it, though this can almost be read between the lines, especially of the opening passage of his letter. But it need only be remembered that at the moment when Lincoln penned this letter to Greeley, on the 22nd day of August, 1862, there lay upon his table, ready-winged for its flight, the proclamation of freedom, which had already been announced to the cabinet council and a month later was given to the world.

In 1864, when final victory was in sight, Greeley seemed appalled at the continued outpouring of blood and treasure, called for a cessation of hostilities, and urged the president to negotiate for peace with rebel agents then in Canada. The tactful president met this demand by promptly deputing Greeley himself upon the mission, which came to nothing. He did not favor the renomination of Lincoln, and predicted his defeat if nominated, though supporting him vigorously in the campaign. The patient president believed and declared Greeley incapable of wilful misconduct, and Greeley afterward atoned, so far as he could, for his attitude toward Lincoln in his lifetime, acknowledging him to be "the one Providential leader, the indispensable hero of the great drama."

Upon the collapse of the rebellion, Greeley's benevolent

impulses led him to take ground at once for universal amnesty and universal suffrage. The freedman should vote, and the rebel should be forgiven. In line with this conviction he made, on invitation, a journey to Richmond, in 1867, to become bail for the release of Jefferson Davis from further military custody. This generous if misguided act raised a storm of denunciation. The Tribune was assailed with a chorus of "Stop my paper," the sale of the American Conflict came to a standstill, and even Greeley's personal and social standing was threatened. A leading club called him to account with a view to expulsion; to which he rejoined with characteristic vigor, "You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I arraign you as narrow-minded blockheads, who would like to be useful to a great and good cause but don't know how." The club did not pursue the subject. When the Fifteenth Amendment had been ratified, Greeley declared "the books closed," that all the crimes of rebellion should be overlooked and all remembrance of them merged in complete reconciliation. He failed in judgment here, as he had at other critical periods. Even the contemptuous rejection of the constitutional amendments by the rebel states had not taught him that the snake was only scotched, not killed. The South was still determined, as it is to-day, to preserve the substance if not the form of slavery, and after almost half a century we find it still in open rebellion against the Federal constitution, by fraud instead of force, with Greeley's hope of universal or even impartial suffrage yet unrealized.

We come to the climax, and the catastrophe. In May, 1872, the Liberal Republican convention, at Cincinnati, nominated Greeley for the presidency. This futile but not unpatriotic movement was a Republican revolt against President Grant, led by eminent and high-minded men whose confidence was shaken, perhaps too soon, by the mistakes of his first administration and the sinister influence of worthless camp-followers about him. The Cincinnati platform, unexceptionable in tone and character, followed Greeley in declaring for universal amnesty and impartial suffrage, and Greeley's letter of acceptance expressed his belief that the people, North and South, were ready to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm"—a phrase that passed into a popular shibboleth. Forthwith upon this nomination all the vials of partisan wrath were opened and poured out upon him. He had asserted his independence of party, the mortal sin of politicians. All that he had done for the party, and for the country, was forgotten in a moment. Calumny outran itself, and Greeley was lampooned, abused and reviled with a brutal ferocity unknown even to the prize-ring of politics. The Democratic convention, meeting at Baltimore in July, adopted the Cincinnati candidates and platform, and Greeley accepted the nomination. This sealed his fate, though it was not otherwise doubtful. Myriads of Republicans in sympathy with the movement refused to see that Greeley, who did not alter his position by the breadth of a hair, had not gone to the Democratic party but that the

party had come to him. They would not support a candidate bearing the Democratic label. He made a campaign tour of New England and the middle West, rising to his highest level in a series of dignified, temperate and statesman-like speeches, and achieved a popular vote of nearly three millions in a total of less than six millions and a half, but every northern state was against him. The distrust of Greeley's new alliance was not unnatural or unfounded, and Greeley himself, with all his virtues, did not strike the popular instinct as a safe candidate for the presidency. Apart from this, the military prestige of President Grant would have carried all before it. The people remembered the victorious general, and they forgot everything else. Greeley's defeat was foreordained at Appomattox.

He was recalled from the strife of the campaign to the bedside of his dying wife, who was taken from him on the eve of the election. Widowed and defeated, his fortitude was still unshaken, and no sooner was the result of the political contest declared than he promptly resumed the editorial chair of the Tribune. But the calamities that could not subdue this resolute spirit were too much for the physical frame. The overworked brain gave way, and on the twenty-ninth day of that same month of November, with little warning, the country was startled by the news that Horace Greeley was no more.

At the dramatic culmination of this illustrious and useful life, and the pathos of the closing scene, there was a recoil from the extreme of abuse to the extreme of eulogy. All

classes and conditions of men joined in the universal expression of public loss, to which probably every press and almost every pulpit in the United States made its contribution. The city of New York turned aside for the funeral observance. Crowds surged through City Hall to view the dead face of the friend of the people until the doors had to be closed against them. The highest officials of the nation and of many states followed him to the grave, through silent and uncovered throngs, never seen before nor since save at the obsequies of Lincoln and Grant. It was not the empty honor often paid to official station, for he held none, nor to success, for he died under the shadow of defeat. It was a sincere and unaffected tribute to the patriot, the friend of humanity, the tribune of the people.

It has been unworthily said that he died of wounded vanity at the judgment passed against him in the election. Such empty detraction can neither be proved nor disproved, but it is not likely that the ordinary abuse of a presidential contest, even followed by defeat, would have put an end to his life or seriously disturbed him. In the warfare of politics, Horace Greeley was an old soldier. No man knew better than he that the loudest clamor of a presidential campaign is nothing but the squealing and scrambling of a herd of mercenaries to get their noses into the public trough or keep them in it. As Hosca Biglow said or sang:

“ They march in percessions, an’ git up hooraws,  
An’ tramp thru the mud for the good o’ the cause,  
An’ think they’re a kind o’ fulfillin’ the prophecies  
Wen they’re only jest changin’ the holders of offices.”

Greeley was not to be frightened or hurt by the thunder of the captains and the shouting, and he well knew the fortune of war. Even in defeat, it was not wholly adverse to him. He received a great popular endorsement in the vote at the polls. But he was cut to the heart by the malice of enemies and treachery of friends. He was tortured with fear of disaster to the Tribune, the child of his affection. He had taxed his physical powers beyond endurance, and domestic calamity fell heavily upon him at the moment when outraged nature was strained to the breaking point. Surely there is enough here to account for his taking-off.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house. Happily it is not left to his native town or state to remember Horace Greeley. Many biographers have told and still tell his story, the working printers placed above his grave in Greenwood cemetery a memorial bust, cast in type-metal, his statue was raised on the spot dedicated by the city of New York as Greeley Square, and towns and counties in the far West bear and perpetuate his name; while New Hampshire talks of a statue to the president who fed from the hand of slavery and went to the verge of treason in holding out hope to a slaveholders' rebellion—leaving to distant states the pious duty of commemorating her son who lost the presidency but kept his honor and kept faith with freedom.

The loss of the presidency was no misfortune to Greeley. It would have added little, perhaps nothing, to his permanent reputation. Fortunate that he escaped the fate of

some in that illustrious line for whom oblivion would be a happy exchange. A man of genius, with the faults that usually attend upon genius, he was not of the stuff of which presidents are made. High character and purity of purpose he had, but not the cool and balanced judgment, the "sure-footed mind" and "supple-tempered will" that ought to be found in the head of the nation. In temperament he was less a statesman than moralist and reformer, though what overflowed from Greeley into the field of statecraft would make the reputation of many statesmen. He had a human interest in which many greater men are wanting. It is enough for his fame that he had a foremost part in forging the weapons that struck down rebellion and saved the Union that slavery would have destroyed. A great citizen, whose example was the shame of every hypocrite and coward, who never stifled his honest thought nor bent his knee to power, whose character and voice of authority made legislatures listen and statesmen sit at his feet, he will be remembered when presidents are forgotten.

Horace Greeley was first and last a great journalist, holding that this character may be made superior to any official station, and doing much to vindicate the claim. His influence permanently raised the level of the American newspaper and the thought of the American people. The real power of the press in this country began with Greeley, and if it did not end with him, it has gained nothing since. The Tribune had no higher merit than its absolute independence, alike of the slave power, which ruled the country



then, and the money power, which rules the country now. We know in what contempt the great editor would have held the modern advertising-machine, boasting its circulation but without character or courage to print anything that might disturb the balance of a ledger. Better, would he say, better the honest opinion even of a bad man than the dumb oracle that sits with hand on mouth and points to a bargain-counter.

It was in the character of journalist that Horace Greeley wished to be remembered. Not long before his death he left this testimony to the world, in solemn and pathetic words that sound of prophecy and requiem. "Fame," he said, "is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer today will often curse tomorrow; and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of the New York Tribune'."

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